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Two Wheels and a Handlebar

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Clenching the handle that held my fate,
my blistered fingers felt the weight
of black memories that lingered in my mind,
and exploded fear deep inside.

Still I pedaled, leaving behind crumpled dreams,
the dreams that change after each passing tree,
whose leaves have been charred by blazing fires,
whose icy flames burn holes in my ever-changing desires.

I looked forward to the only path I have ever known,
pedaling until my burning legs yelled at my burning hands
to squeeze the slippery metal below,
stopping the two wheels underneath.

And so with one great squeeze my bike stopped short,
I felt the scorching tears run down my icy face,
but when I tried to wipe them off, all that I felt was
dry, charred skin riddled with dirt and despair.

Alone with my two wheels and a handlebar,
I was stopped short on a lonely path that seemed
never-ending, that seemed never-changing.

My only options were forward or backward.
Forward into what's known,
or staying alone,
alone on a cold hot day.

But as my wheels started to spin,
I looked at the icy blaze that torched my pale gray forest.
I veered to the left, a strange new aspiration,
and onward I went with the sweet wind
galloping behind me.

Pedaling smoothly over a light green spring meadow,
my callused fingers slipped freely off of the wet,
from salty sweat,
rusted metal below.

Holding hope in my hands,
I grabbed the handlebar,
Watching the wheels spin below me,
leaving behind broken dreams.

Two Wheels and A Handlebar

by Zachary Laurence

Photography by:
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